Kidnaped by "Crimps."

Against Ship Peonage.

Lure Lads to the Batteaus-

The Resulting Murders.

These kidnapers are the most brutal des-

peradoes that sail our waters, and as labor

has grown scarce of late years their atroci-

ties have been more frequent and more

The Department of Justice has a number

of them listed for trial in Virginia and

Chesapeake beds. The United States at-

torneys will apply the federal law forbid-

fore they ship on vessels; also the statutes

Among the atrocities of years back was the illicit trade of certain agents who kid-naped men and supplied them to short-handed vessels about to embark. Unfor-

tunates were gathered up in the dark of night, were drugged or beaten into insen-

sibility and then carried bodily aboard the ships on which they were to slave. This

the act of kidnaping men for sea service.

Dark Work in Dark Places.

against peonage.

turies past.

## A MATCHLESS **THANKSGIVING**

There was outspoken displeasure in Brae- | Mary?" she asked in a moment. -"But burn when it was known that some outsiders had bought the water-power at the head of the river, at the other end of the place-a spot whose beauty had been sacred to strolling lovers and picnicking children. Now great brick building had gone up, and lines of model boarding houses; and all the appurtenance of mills and mill people had completely ruined the place for pictur-

esqueness or pleasure. The dwellers in old Braeburn were all of immemorial descent-that is, so far as the earliest settlers made things immemorial. The poorest among them was an aristocrat; and no one was more of an aristocrat than Mrs. Temple, and fevi

were any poorer, "Do you know," Mary Featherstone said to her one day, "It wouldn't be so bad if it brought any nice people into the place. But of course we know what mill people are. We read about them in all the Eng-

"Maybe so, Mary," said Mrs. Temple. "But I saw a strange man—I suppose he was one of them—he—he was very good looking. Little Billy Burton had lost his penny and was crying bitterly and he was comforting him and giving him a whole

"Yes; that's the way they do harm. Billy Burton will never be contented with one penny again. So vulgar!"

Mrs. Temple lived alone in one half of

handful of pennies."

a house, the rent of whose other half formed a good share of her income. She had given the tenant the front door, mak-ing the side entrance her own; and, lock-ing her door into the hall, she had hung against it her one priceless possession, a full length portrait by Copiey of her great grandfather. She felt it equal to a man in the house. Its possession announced her place in society; and no one could doubt her position or try in any way to impose upon her in its proud presence.

It would have been a singular person who could try to impose upon Mrs. Temple,

a lady whose very gentleness should disarm a tyrant. Yet there were things she had resented. She had been unreasonably angry when her Cousin John once, years ago, called her an old maid. It made her smile to see the different way in which he treated her now since she had returned to Braeburn a married woman, bearing a man's name, although with hardly any money to support It. She had left home in order to teach,

when quite young, and a little later had gone as companion to a lady who died while abroad. Then word came from Eng-land, with wedding cards, that she had married a Mr. James Temple, and not long afterward mourning cards came telling of Mr. Temple's death. And when her father died suddenly she came home, wearing her mourning, and lived in the parsonage which he had left her, together with a very trifle of money and his blessing.

She never spoke to her old friends about her husband. It came to be understood

that his name was too sacred, his loss too painful, for words. To the children born since her return she seemed of an ante-diluvian period. She was not quite forty; but the young girls thought she ought to No one, in all these years, had dreamed or approaching Mrs. Temple as a lover. In fact, there had been no one to do so,

had no sooner come to Braeburn, with all his doctrines and their exegesis fresh at his fingers' ends, than he was called some-

there, the young girls are so peculiar. We weren't so in our day. We liked to see our mothers and aunts in white. Helen Whitcomb thinks it such an affectation of youth in me to wear white. We're not so

very old, Mary!"

"Why do you care, dear? I wouldn't
if I were married. Well, I put myself in
mind of these girls who seem to think a woman of our age is something thrown out, waste, good for nothing, as if marriage were all there is in the world!"

"I don't know but it is," said Mrs. "Louisa!"

"I mean it is so good, Mary, to be protected, and cared for, and admired and praised."
"Well, you ought to know. You've been married

Mrs. Temple rose suddenly. "There's the o'clock bell. I must be going," she said.
"Oh," said Mary, going to the door with her. "It's dark as midnight. I'll go part

"It's only soft summer dusk. I'm not efraid." She turned and kissed Mary.
"It's a great thing to have a friend any way," she said.
"Even if you haven't a husband!" said

Mary.

"Friendship is a strange thing," said the other. "Do you suppose you'd be my friend if you found out I was a wicked person?"

"You could be so awfully wicked!" laugh-

ed Mary. "Suppose you found out I had com-mitted some great crime, or was a living

Mrs. Temple should have been glad of such faith as her friend showed in her, but she cried all the way home. But then one cries for joy almost as often as for

sorrow.

Her slender wardrobe, of course, took up a great deal of Mrs. Temple's time. There was her black silk gown; it had been in process of reconstruction almost ever since she came home. It had been turned, and then sponged and turned again, and then turned upside down. And although in turned upside down. And atthough in splits and cracks it was generously court-plastered, it was still a dress for occasions, and when she was arrayed in it, with the pretty lace accessories kept in lavender, and the pearl pin holding the braid of her father's hair, she—well, at any rate, she pitted those that had no black silk!

She had ray on this precious garment to

She had put on this precious garment to make a call on the new clergyman's wife one bright day. There had been a swift summer shower in the morning and everything was fresh and sparkling still and she had walked leisurely along the grassy path beside the highway, feeling it good to be alive in the balmy summer weather, with clouds floating on the deep azure above and beyond seeming always to suggest a brighter and finer world to which they journeyed.

Suddenly she was called back to earth by the near gallopnig of a horse, and then, through the pool of water that the rain had left in the road, horse and rider sped and threw the mud up and about in a dark shower, and it fell in broad spishes upon the precious silk the precious silk.

Startled and indignant, she stumbled and lost her balance, uttering an exclamation of fright before she knew it. In a moment the horseman had turned about and was out of the saddle and beside her, raising her, supporting her, and at the same time trying to wipe off the mud with his handkerchief.

That he should speak so of her old gown! So she had gone her serene way with its Then, after all, its shiningness, its age, small recurrent round. Her interests were much bound up in her two cats and their was a man, and no one expected a man to



"Oh, I beg pardon!" he said, "What a shame! the beautiful Silk-"

burn had such windows as she after frost came. She visited certain quite needy people; she could not give them money; but the fact that she was her father's daughter's made them feel her visits like those of a princess. She came into the sick room, placid as a moonbeam, and her serenity calmed fever, and her sweetness soothed sorrow. Yet she wanted to scream at sight of a spider, and ran like a deer

from a cow.

Of course Mrs. Temple felt that her But, after all her life seemed narrow; and often there would come moments of vacuous depression in which she felt it hardly worth living. Then she would at once put on her hat and jacket and spend an hour with those she fancled worse of than herself; and doing whatever she found to do that she could make them happier, she would wonder at herself that she could have felt her own dear home with its flowers and its old portrait anything but

You would hardly have called Mrs. Temple pretty, but you would have felt, all the same, that she was lovely, with her dark hair banded away from a smooth brow, a skin fair and colorless, and gray changing from light to dark under

said Mary Featherstone, "you ought to wear it all the time. How I would like to have seen you in your wedding dress!"
"Not while I have to do it up myself,"
said Mrs. Temple, with a smile, quite as
if she had not heard the last sentence. Her mile was really charming, and Mary must

"Oh, what a pity," she said, "that there no one— But then I don't suppose ou'd marry again if there was!"

see-Mrs. Temple would almost have welcomed as much more mud for the sake of hearing those pleasant words. She looked up, and saw a man indeed, perhaps middle-aged, but with iron gray hair whose wave fell over his forehead in a boyish way. The forehead was wrinkled now with his con-cern, but the dark eyes beneath it were cordial and kind and brilliant, the whole face sweet and strong and bright and

who!esome as a sunbeam "I am afraid you are hurt," he said.
"Oh, no—that is—oh, not in the least!"
"Are you sure? You must let me help you. Are you far from home?"

"Only a few steps-the white house under the two elms." "That charming place! I have always wondered who lived there." "It was the parsonage, some years ago," she said; if unnecessarily, yet with rather s

grand air.

"Oh, I see that you have sprained something! Here, lad," and he ca!led to a boy in the road, "hold my horse, will you?" And he led her along gently. "You must lean on me," he said, and he lifted her up the steps and through the door, for which she produced a key, quite as if a footman had answered a knocker.

"Can I call some one to help you?" then

"Can I call some one to help you?" then "Can I call some one to help you?" then said the stranger.

"No, oh, no, thank you. I shall be all right presently. It is only—I have just turned my ankle. It was very awkward in me. May I ask to whose kindness I am indebted?" as the gentleman still remained.

"I am Mr. Thorndyke of the Mills vil-

lage."
There was an almost imperceptible stiffening of Mrs. Temple's manner.
"Can I be of any further service?"
"Not any, thank you." The tone was very clear and cold and conclusive. One of the mill people! "Thank you very much." And the stranger bowed and left her, replacing his hat and tossing some change to the boy who had led his horse to the gate. have thought so.

"Can I be of any further service?"

"Not any, thank you." The tone was to none—But then I don't suppose you'd marry again if there was!"

Mrs. Temple suddenly grew grave. She opened her lips as if about to reply, but did not. Instead, she bent her head to the probled with her finger, and her face the rubbed with her finger, and her face grew scarlet.

"Why don't you wear white yourself,"

"Can I be of any further service?"

"Not any, thank you." The tone was to nonclusive. One of the conclusive. One of the conduction of this city who is interested in this laudable work to a Star report.

"If I knew what? That you love me." If I knew what? That you love me." It is the nonclusive. One of her comments was that the instances of intoxication to be observed upon that in proportion to our population the strange of arrests for intoxication is not large, and a very large number of these was any Mr. Temple?"

"That's Mrs. Temple?"

"The tone was the total number of the sald gently, "without forgetting Mr. Temple?"

"One of her comments was that the instances of intoxication to be observed upon that in proportion to our population the stranges of arrests for intoxication is not large, and a very large of arrests for intoxication is not large, and a very large of arrests for intoxication is not large, and a very large of arrests of London were more in a stances of intoxication to be observed in several days' trip through some of our cities, and in this additional charge of being disorderly is a stance of the collection of the comment."

"I knew what? That you love me." If I knew what? That you

It was the next day that Mr. Thorndyke proved this to his cost. Again the lottering lad was called to hold the horse while he went along by the side of the windows to the door, which Mrs. Temple opened in per-

"I am taking a liberty, I know," said Mr. Thorndyke. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Temple, in a voice "Certainly," said Mrs. Temple, in a voice about as cordial as ice cream.

But Mr. Thorndyke came in. He had a small roll in his hand, something like a music roll. "This is my excuse," he said, laying it on the table. "I ruined your silk. You will allow me to replace it. It may not equal yours; but it is the best that can be found." "Sir!" exclaimed the outraged lady. "Mr.

"Yes?" said Mr. Thorndyke. "I-I do not know-you cannot mean"—
Her manner was extremely lofty.
"I hardly understand—have I done anything wrong?" he exclaimed. "Anything wrong?" she repeated. "I never was so insulted in my life!" "I beg your pardon! I am sure you make a mistake. Insulted you! Nothing was farther away from my intention!"
"Bringing me a dress! Daring to— If the instincts of a gentleman—"

"It seems to me that the instincts of a gentleman should prompt him to replace that which he has destroyed."

She looked so lovely with the faint flush of her anger, standing among the flowers she had just gathered in her little garden, that he would have been insensate not to feel it.

"Any one," said Mrs. Temple, "who knew the usages of good society—"
"But I am a man of business," said he.
"In business we pay our debts. I regard
this as a debt. If you don't wish for the
payment you can pass it on. It is yours
to do as you will. I shall have discharged
my obligation." The restrict of the great

my obligation." The portrait of the great-grandfather, which had always seemed to her like a protector in person, did not awe Mr. Tohrndyke in the least. His manner, as he turned to go, was quite as haughty as her own.

as her own.

Sooth to say, it disquieted her a little.
Gentle to the point of timidity, as she was,
her nerves so excited just now the she
trembled, she felt a disturbing fear of
something in the unknown.

"I'm sure," she faltered breathlessly. "I

am—oh, pray forgive me if I have hurt your feelings—"
"You have," he said brusquely.
"I didn't mean—I never thought—"
"Very likely. It's just as well to think sometimes." And then he was gone. But the roll of silk in its white paper lay on the table where he had left it

table where he had left it.

Mrs. Temple sat down; she could not stand another minute. After all, he was a masterful person. That was why he was at the head of such a large concern as the Braeburn Mills must be. Really, there was something in that way of his. Perhaps it was culte as good as smoother, silkier ways. She did like a man to act as though he amounted to something. How good-looking he was—she remembered she had thought him good-looking when she first glanced up at him on the street. Well, if it was not—not quite well-bred to bring the silk, perhaps he had no mother or sister to acquaint him with the delicate points of behavior. Certainly he meant no harm. And that voice of his-well, it was clear music. What a pity he was one of those mill people! He—yes, he would be an ornament to Braeburn if he had come there as doctor or lawyer or minister. Some one said the house he had built a half mile below the mills, where the river widened and depended and the house here were widened and deepened and the banks rose cothed with evergreen forest, was the next thing to a palace, with a wonderful library in it. He must read books then. Why, she knew very well that college-bred men sometimes went into manufacturing. And all of a sudden it flashed over Mrs. Temple that she was a simpleton! But there was the silk. .. must go back

to him at all events. She had no one to send. She must write his name on it, and take it herself, leaving it at the door—there must be an office door there somewhere. She need not see Mr. Thorndyke.—But the need to see Mr. Thorndyke.—But the need door the seed and the need to see Mr. Thorndyke.—But the need door the need to see Mr. Thorndyke.—But the need door the need to see Mr. Thorndyke.—But the need door the need to see Mr. Thorndyke.— But the next day it rained, and the next day, too. It seemed to Mrs. Temple that it would rain forever. And the next day was the club's sewing meeting; and the ladies, especially the younger ladies, were asking one another if any one had seen the person who owned the mills, who had lately come from Europe. Mr. Thornby—Thornleigh—something with a thorn in it, anyway. Mrs. Temple may have felt a flush burning in her face, but she was very busy with her head bent flattening a seam; and no one observed her. But on Friday afternoon she opened her

door, prepared to sally forth and leave the roll as she had planned, when, carefully closing the gate behind him, Mr. Thorndyke came up the path. There was a smile on his face; she said to herself that it was like sunshine. "He treads the gravel as if he owned

to herself again. To save her soul she could not have hindered the answering smile on her own face. "Ah! You are glad to see me!" he exclaimed at the door.
"Yes," she replied.. "Because now you

can take your property instead of my having to carry it all the way to the head of the river. has arranged that several staunch revenue "Are you going that way? Shall we go together? Let me relieve you of your parcel," he said, quite ignoring her mean-

ing.

And all the ladies of the sewing club saw them walking together, and Mary Feather-stone ran over that evening to ask her what ding the advancing of money to seamen be-

"It means,"—said Mrs. Temple; and then she suddenly bent and kissed Mary. "I don't know what it means!"
"Well," said Mary, "I rather think I do."

But there was the roll of silk, after all, on her table, for, of course, he had walked back with her and he had left it there. It must be returned, nevertheless. And just as she was about to go out with it Mr. Thorndyke came with a book and there was another walk. Mrs. Temple asked herself some stern

questions an hour or two later, but she felt her face burning so uncomfortably that she did not wait for her answers. "Of course he's a gentleman!" she thought indignantly. "Any one can see that. And I've been a fool and I am one." As she sat over her cup of tea with Mary Featherstone that night: "It takes experience to overcome the absurd prejudices of ignorance, Mary," she said Apropos of what?' asked Mary.

Helen Whitcomb was looking out of her window a day or two afterward. "There they go again," she said. "But isn't it a hai" microbe waxes as fat as he did about singular thing that he always carries that the Liverpool and Edinburgh docks in cenroll under his arm?"

When, on the next stroll that they took together, they met Helen and Mrs. Varney and Fanny Mar, they decided that the weather was getting too chilly for rambles, and Mr. Thorndyke found a fire blazing on Mrs. Temple's hearth in the evening, and Mrs. Temple prettier, gentler, sweeter than even by daylight. The room was full of roses that he had sent her, and that she roses that he had sent her, and that she had not thought of sending back, and the room behind was a bower with the plants she had potted and brought in for fear of frost. She had dined at the Featherstones that day-it was Thanksgiving day. She had felt taken out of herself all day; and coming home had lighted a fire upon her hearth in a state of buoyant anticipation anticipation of she knew not what.
"This is delightful," Mr. Thorndyke said,

"It must seem very small after your "It seems cozy, and charming, and in perfect taste," he said. "When I remember the size of the rooms that Marie Antolthe size of the rooms that Marie Antolnette found sufficient for her daily life,
the closet and no more where Mary Stuart
listened to Rizzio's music, this seems a
room fit for a queen. For one queen,
at any rate," he said. "I thought those
spacious rooms at home were just what I
wanted when they were finished. But now
they seem year empty"

they seem very empty."

"Oh, I am sorry," she said.

"They could be fine if there were a mistress there; if there were a center to them, such as she could be; if there were guests to make merry. I thought today, as I sat at my lonely table, what a mockery the day was, that it was no Thanksgiving at all, and what Thanksgiving day might be to me there if there were a wife—"

He stopped and looked at her with the steady gaze of those searching gray eyes. Her own fell. Her fair face was like a damask rose. He laid down the shell he had been fingering as he stood by the mantel. And then—and then—he had crossed the rug with a step, he was beside her on the little sofa, the portrait of the great grandfather had no terrors for him at all; his arm was about her. they seem very empty.

his arm was about her.
"Oh!" she cried, freeing herself and turning her head away. "If you knew about me, if you only knew about me, you

enterprise are yclept "shipping agents." While the sun shines you will see them, sleek and well groomed, ensconsed in their luxurious offices, as snug and aristocratic as your banker or your broker. When the sun is down they are at their clubs, or the theater or in their comfortable homes, for their work has then coased. The nurely their work has then ceased. The purely practical phase of their industry has been delegated to men more brave and bold. In den and dive and brothel these deputies ply their trade, for from such black and hidden places the labored breathing of men drugged is not any to be overheard in the **Recruits for the Oyster Dredges** ged is not apt to be overheard in the streets. And, now and then, on a bleak winter night, a muffled cry for help issues out of some dark alley when one of these hunters of men has applied his blackjack or sand bag to an unsuspecting straggler. CHESAPEAKE SHANGHAIING or sand bag to an unsuspecting straggler, groping homeward in the wee, small hours. In the slums of Baltimore and Philadelphia, especially, this traffic flourishes during the cold months. Not always is violence necessary at the outset. Roseate pictures of light work at high wages and a cash advance on the latter often suffice to entice the surgeophisticated victim. Down under Government Preparing to Wage War the unsophisticated victim. Down under the black dock pilings lurks a boat, aboard BRUTALITIES OF BOAT CAPTAINS which these "crimps' lure or boldly carry their victims. The anchor is weighed and the vessel's nose is turned to the ship-How the Pirates of the Oyster Fields ping agent's rendezvous. For each human the cargo be full, whether gathered by fair means or by foul. From the rendezvous the caught slaves are distributed, where best needed, by batteaus. Once aboard the selected as their final destination they may as well abandon all hope of touching a foot to shore before the winter (Copyright, 1906, by John Elfreth Watkins.) The government has declared war against the "shanghalers" of the Chesapeake bay.

No Liberty for Months. They will be kept anchored, day and

night, out in the broad waters. The great fleet of oyster pungies which carries the tons of mollusks from the dredgers to market will be manned only by men contented with their lot in this odorous business. The less happy slaves on the dredgers will be kept cowed by the cocked pistol in the hand of their captain. So brutal will be Maryland, and the Treasury Department their discipline that few will survive with enough spirit to admit their plight when the revenue cutter. In the course of its cruise of investigation, overhauls their

Some Recent Murders.

The Chesapeake shanghaiers had three murders to their credit last season. The victims were Thomas Cavanaugh, William Clark and James McCabe, all lured from Philadelphia. The two last named were shipped from the Quaker city along with 300 other men gathered by the representatives of a Baltimore firm of shipping agents. This representative admitted that he re-

The case of McCabe was particularly pitiful. His widow, hearing that he had been murdered and buried on Deals Island, in the Chesapeake, took her small savings and practice became known as "shipping men to Shanghai." Ever since that time "shang-hai" has been employed as a verb to denote hurried to Baltimore, where she made a futile quest for aid. Then she went to Deals Island and gave the last few dollars she had in the world to some men, who dug up her husband's body for her. When the up her husband's body for her. When the corpse was disinterred she found the back of has grown generally better and human nathe head crushed in, three ribs broken and a number of terrible wounds covering the ture has made moral progress in great bounds, yet in various spots we still find body generally. This ghastly discovery verified the story she had received from on of her husband's shipmates describing the fatal beating which he had received from an overseer. Not having any money left The men who furnish the brains of the

widow had to stand by and see them re-turned to the earth. Then she returned to Philadelphia, and, upon the advice of some business men hearing her story, she re ported the case to the federal authorities. Given Knockout Drops. Some "crimps" employed in the nefarious

OYSTERMEN AT WORK

OYSTER TONGERS.

trade in Philadelphia about the same time administered "knockout drops" to Jacob Grenim, a poor German, fifty-four years old. After his daughter had been wellnigh distracted by his mysterious absence of eight weeks, he managed to get word to her that he had been forced aboard one of the Chesapeake oyster pungles, and had since suffered horrible cruelties. William Washington returned to Philàdelphia a couple of weeks later and reported to the authorities that two months previously he had been kidnaped bodlly, taken to Baltimore and placed aboard an oyster dredge, where he was defrauded out of all his money and subjected to all manner of bru-talities. Another of last season's cases was that of Feley Bela, a Hungarlan, who by various tempting promises was lured from the Baltimore docks to a boat which event-ually landed him on the oyster beds off Westmoreland county, Va., where he was forcibly detained. Instead of the generous wages which had been promised to him, he found himself allowed only \$14 per month. being here collected he receives his com-mission. It is therefore to his interest that He was brutally beaten and otherwise maltreated, and the captain of the boat detained him on board by force and strenu-ously refused to allow him to go ashore even for exercise. This unfortunate Hungarian managed to smuggle a letter to a countryman in New York, who forwarded

Fate of Three Boys.

Three boys in their teens were shanghaled from Philadelphia last season and subjected to similar brutalities by these Chesapeake slavedrivers. W. M. Rodford, seventeen, was so cruelly treated by the captain of the oyster boat, on which he was forcibly detained, that he tried to jump overboard and drown himself. Being prevented by his master he slashed his wrists and arms with an oyster knife. Now frightened lest the lad should exceed in killing himself and casting suspicion of murder on him, the captain bandaged Rodford's wounds, gave him \$2 to leave the neighborhood and put him ashore on the west side of

Chesapeake bay.

Lured by promises of easy work and big
pay in a restaurant, Edward Casey, nineteen, was taken to Baltimore about the
same time. Arriving in the Monumental city he was given liquor and awoke to find himself on an oyster pungy in the bay. He and his comrades were brutally treated by a negro mate and even after sustaining a broken arm in this way Casey was forced to continue slaving with the others, although each movement caused him excruciating torture. Finally he managed to es-

his comrades.

A fatherless lad of seventeen, Rudolph Horre, attended Girard College, Philadelphia's great charitable institution, until the financial needs of his poor mother necessitated his seeking employment. So, last fall, he left the college and went to Baltimore to get work in the press room of a newspaper. But he failed to find the man of her husband's shipmates describing the fatal beating which he had received from an overseer. Not having any money left with which to remove the remains, the

good work over on the eastern shore of Maryland, where he would receive \$1 a day cutting corn. The lad was delighted with the offer and the "crimp" sealed the bargain by giving him a pint of whisky, for which 50 cents was later taken out of his meager wages. Not wishing to appear ungrateful Horre took the bottle, but, after the man had some threw it into the middle the man had gone, threw it into the middle of the street.

Escaped to Death.

To reach the promised land of corn, the lad was instructed to take a steamer at a certain wharf. He went aboard, and the next morning at 1 o'clock was landed at a point thirty miles from Cambridge, Md. As he and his fellow conscripts stepped out upon a great pler they were met by three men who ordered them aboard a batteau. He soon gleaned from the man-ner of these men that he had been kid-naped. Instead of being landed upon the sunny eastern shore, he was kept out in the bay until winter. He had to work aboard the ill-smelling, slimy batteau even when the ice was frozen six inches deep in her bottom. He and his comrades, all kid-naped in the same way, suffered terrible privations, the captain and his three burly sons standing ready to strike them down with shovels or iron bars whenever they flagged. An Italian, among this shanghaled crew, was struck down and lamed so badly that the captain, begrudging him his rations until he might get better, put him ashore. One night the lad heard a splash and a shrick for help from a neighboring sloop, and he and several of his comrades prepared to lend a saving hand to the unfortunate. But their captain and his sons drove the would-be rescuers back, then stood calmly by and watched the man drown. It was then realized by the lad and his fellow-slaves that the victim had been in their own plight, and had tried

The boy suffered such slavery for two months at the end of which time his master learned that the federal authorities were on his scent. The old man then put young Horre ashore on an island, whence he finally made his way, by boat, back to saltimore. After landing in that city he was attacked on Light street by three "crimps," who attempted to kidnap him the second time. But fighting these desperadoes off, and managing to elude them in the street, he at length found his way home to Phila-

Pirates as well as kidnapers are found among these men of the Chesapeake fish-ing fleets. Since the states have allowed individuals and corporations to stake off their claims in the oyster fields these free-booters, resenting what they consider to be unfair monopoly, have from time to time raided the beds. Their record of murder and plunder became such that Maryland and Virginia now have to maintain little navies of police boats, protecting the legiti-mate dredgers. Last year one of these pirates was arrested for raiding oyster beds in Tangier Sound, where he and some cape to shore and to return, with his arm in a sling, to Philadelphia, where he accused several policemen with aiding the "crimps" of the shipping agent to help lure him and brought to trial in November, at Crisfield. for a long space of time. When he was brought to trial in November, at Crisfield, Md., a mob of several hundred of his fellow freebooters thronged the court. When Justice G. W. Kennedy pronounced the prisoner guilty the mob made a rush, captured the magistrate and freed the culprit. After being threatened by the desperadoes for an hour the magistrate revoked his verdict. The prisoner and his friends thereupon paraded the streets in triumph, the mob decreeing that there should be no more oyster planting by the claimants of the raided grounds.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

her face toward him, although the down-dropped lids and lashes hid her eyes. "And then you are mine, only mine, for life and for eternity! Why, my darling, this is Thanksgiving after all."
"Dearest," said Mr. Thorndyke, when after a happy hour she had told him all her silly reasons for the mask she had

her silly reasons for the mask she had worn, and had been sure he never could trust her now, never could believe in her, and had confessed when she first began to labor do not go hand-and-hand in this councare, and he had told her that he meant care, and he had told her that he meant trust her the moment he laid eyes upon the state of the st to marry her the moment he laid eyes upon her and heard the voice that went to his heart, "you won't send me back to the great empty house alone? I am afraid I will be haunted by Temple's ghost. You will come home with me to stay? We will

will come home with me to stay? We will take the minister on our way—"
"I—oh—how can I! Oh. no—if you please—why, what will Mary Featherstone say?"
"I don't please. And it's no matter what Mary Featherstone says. We will call and take her along as maid of honor, and then we will take her back and we will walk home together under the frosty stars. It will be home then. And there will not be on all the round earth another such Thanksgiving.

FEW DRUNKEN MEN

AMERICAN STREETS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF LONDON.

"A prominent worker in the ranks of temperance and movements which go to the uplifting of our fellow men, who recently came over to this country on a visit from England, was astonished to see so few instances of drunkenness on the streets of American cities, and she made interesting and complimentary comments upon our sobriety as a nation in her interviewo," remarked a gentleman of this city who is in-

vocates of temperance on this side of the water have noticed both here and abroad.

"It matters not how others interested in this subject may view these conclusions, I am of the opinion that one great reason why there are so comparatively few instances of drunkenness upon the streets of our large cities and mill and factory towns is because the great majority of our towns is because the great majority of our population is at work, and drunkenness and labor do not go hand-and-hand in this coun-

which is now and has for some time past agitated the city is the caring for the great number, a veritable army of the unem-ployed, and all sorts of means and expedients are being devised and carried out to re-lieve the congestion in the English metrop-ols of this class of persons, but as yet the problem has not been satisfactorily solved. An abundance of work at good wages in the American cities makes this problem less acute with us

"In proportion to population few, if any, American citles compare more favorably on the score of the absence of instances of drunkenness on the streets than Washingon. This is not only a matter of observation on the part of the observing citizen and stranger alike, but may be substantiated by the police records. I have made the question of temperance a close study, and I have made these instances of street drunkenness a matter of comparison in my travels through our large and small centraveis through our large and small centers of population. The results of my mental and penciled notes have shown up Washington to congratulatory advantage.

"It is rare that the hopelessly intoxicated men to be seen upon the thoroughfares of some municipalities are encountered in the capital. And in this connection it is worthy of note that in the annual applications for a renewal of saloon licenses in the District

of note that in the annual applications for a renewal of saloon licenses in the District for the ensuing year the total number ap-plied for is less than that of last year by

six, and, as my recollection is offhand, it may be even more.

"This number to the casual thinker may seem small, but to the temperance worker it means much, since a decrease rather than an increase is shown in the total number of saloons in a city, and in most cities it is the increase which is account.

"These facts would tend to prove that drinking and intoxication in the capital is decreasing, and it is a very satisfactory statement to make."

Trials of the Management.

From the Lexington (Neb.) Clipper-Citizen. This paper was very late last week, but it was not our fault. In the first place, our paper supply did not arrive on Thursday morning as usual. It comes by express, but somehow missed the proper train; where the blame lies we do not know. It did not arrive until Friday morning. Then

made the same comparatively low ratio of instances is maintained, with a corresponding large number of dismissals.

a box of linotype that we had set at Grand Island reached us in a pied condition—all mixed up. It required about twenty-four hours to put it in shape again so that it could be put in the paper. Where it was pled we do not know, but it was somewhere between the office at Grand Island, where it was set, and the depot in this city. Our desire is that this paper reach subscribers promptly and it would always do so under ordinary circumstances, provided the people or whom we depend do not fall down.

> Bacon-"I see Dresden has just opened a bathing establishment for dogs." Egbert-"I suppose if the water is not at the proper temperature they'll growl; too."
> -Yonkers Statesman.

SOME REASONS WHY SO MANY BOYS LEAVE THE FARM.

